

## A Chase

An American Abroad Is  
Recognized by a Lady  
He Does Not Know

By ERNEST G. BROWNE

Walking in the Rue Rivoli, in Paris, I passed two ladies, the one gray and wrinkled, the other in what I consider the prime of womanhood—that is to say, she must have been about thirty. The moment the younger of the two caught sight of me her face lighted up, and she was about to bow to me when she saw that I did not recognize her. Then she looked away. I was puzzled. My eyesight is fairly good, and I am not old enough to forget faces. I could not remember to have seen the lady before, but no one can be certain of anything in this world, and I might have met her casually. But had our previous meeting been casual her face would not have lighted at the second meeting. Still, if the ladies were Americans the meeting with a fellow countryman in a foreign land might have been sufficiently pleasing to produce this result.

A few days later, having nothing better to do, I called an open cab for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. On the Champs Elysees, just before reaching the Arc de Triomphe, I met the two ladies again, riding. The moment the younger one caught sight of me I saw embarrassment on her face—indeed, a slight blush. This time I noticed by the resemblance between the two that they must be mother and daughter.

Calling to my driver, I directed him to turn and follow the carriage that had just passed, keeping so far away that we would not appear to be shadowing it. He did so, and I saw it stop at a hotel in the Rue d'Alger near Rue St. Honoré. I knew it for a family hotel frequented by English and Americans.

I now had not only the lady's address, but was privileged to take up my abode under the same roof with her. I went to her hotel, engaged a room and sent my baggage there. Then I went there myself.

The morning after my arrival, after breakfast, I loitered in the hallway, waiting for the lady to go out. I would have asked the landlady for her name, but I could not describe her to him. About 10 o'clock she came out with the elderly lady. The look of surprise on my charmer's face was reflected in mine, only hers was genuine while mine was feigned. I had intended to seek an explanation, but was not encouraged to do so and let the opportunity go by. The ladies entered a carriage standing at the door and were driven away. I looked for the landlady to point them out to him, but he must needs be away from the office just when I wanted him.

Although I was watching, I saw no more of the lady for two days, when being down on the ground floor occupied for office, hallway and reading room, I saw some trunks going out and a little later, looking out of a window, saw the two ladies get into a carriage. Somehow I associated the trunks and the lady with the one I had seen in my romance that might never be spiced. I hurried out, followed the carriage on foot up the Rue St. Honoré to the Place Vendôme, where I halted an empty cab and, giving the necessary instructions to the cabman, was driven after the ladies to a railway station. Alighting, I saw them enter and from a distance watched them get into a train.

This was more than I had bargained for. I must either take the same train or lose my romance. The rhod. I knew, ran eastward, and I was told that the train about to leave would proceed to Dijon, Bern and thence to the heart of Switzerland. Since it was winter if my enthusiasm could be chilled it would have been chilled now. But what will a man not do under certain circumstances?

I bought a ticket as far as Dijon and got aboard the train. But my ladies did not stop there. So I bought another to Neuchâtel, another to Bern and a final one to Thun. There, putting my head out of the window, I saw them leaving the station, a railway porter carrying their hand baggage. I too, left the train and saw them getting into a carriage. I did not feel that it was necessary to shadow them, for Thun is a small city, and the hotels for tourists are bunched together near the end of the lake.

We reached the town in the evening, and the next morning I went the round of the hotels. I cursed my luck in not having learned the ladies' names, for in that case I need only have examined the register to find them. As it was, I must keep moving here and there all the while, hoping to meet them. About 11 o'clock they emerged from the principal hotel, and I was disappointed to see them get into a carriage, a porter putting their hand baggage in with them. I followed them to the railway station and thence to Interlaken. There I took pains to shadow them to their hotel.

The distance from Thun to Interlaken being only a ride of half an hour or so, I surmised that they would stop for awhile at the latter place, for if they were going to Lucerne or some point to the south they would have been likely to go on for a day's journey. I bought a change of linen and

made myself look as respectable as possible. Now that I had got into the heart of Switzerland and there was a prospect of a rest it suddenly occurred to me that I had been following an ignis fatuus. And when I thought of confronting the lady I had shadowed the fact that I was dogging her being palpable my courage oozed out at the ends of my fingers.

That afternoon I saw my charmer and her mother—for by this time I was sure the elder lady was her mother—go into the kursal, or casino, as one calls such places in America. I mustered up courage and went in too. The buildings and grounds are quite extensive, but the only entertainment was the orchestra. I entered the concert room and, standing back, looked for the ladies. Seeing them sitting at a table, after pumping at my courage for nearly half an hour, I at last took a seat at a table near them, keeping my back toward them that I might after awhile turn and put on a look of surprise. After several attempts to face them I finally succeeded. Partly turning my chair and my head at the same time, I looked first in the direction of the ladies; then my gaze settled on the younger.

I had my surprise all ready to put on instantaneously, but I did not use it. I shall never forget the expression on the lady's face. There was nothing dangerous in it—oh, not quite the reverse. She was trying hard to repress a laugh. There was some blushing, but most of the expression was amusement. Did she know that I had been intentionally following her?

There was nothing to do but open the ball. Rising from my seat, hat in hand, I advanced and said:

"I am quite sure I have seen you ladies before, but can't for my life tell where we have met."

"We were in the same hotel in Paris a few days ago," said the younger lady, with a mischievous look in her eye.

"Our meeting dates back of that."

"I think I saw you one day on the street."

"Are you sure you have not seen me before that? You are Americans, aren't you?"

"Yes; we are Americans. This is my mother, Mr. —"

I didn't propose to give her the advantage of knowing my name, so I bowed low to the mother and omitted to supply the deficiency. Indeed, I was not sure that the daughter did not know my name.

"How singular," she remarked, "that we should have met in Paris, then here within so short a time."

"There are many such coincidences among those who are fellow countrymen abroad."

"What is a coincidence? I have never been sure of the meaning of the word."

It was plain that she was chaffing me.

"A coincidence," I replied, giving a definition that suited my purpose, "is something that happens."

"In which there is nothing premeditated, I suppose?"

The mother was either ignorant of this sparring or pretended to be so. I preferred to finish it without her being present. So, rising, I asked if they would be some time in Interlaken and was informed that their stay would be indefinite. Then I asked permission, as a fellow countryman, to pay my respects to them, and it was granted. In a few minutes more, that I might not be presuming on a short acquaintance, I arose and with a deferential bow was moving away when I heard the younger lady say to her mother in a stage whisper:

"Formal isn't he?"

That was too much. I turned and said:

"There's something wrong here. You either have known me before or think you have."

"Come and see me this evening and I will explain."

I called at her hotel that evening. She wore a dress that seemed familiar to me. I looked from her face to the dress, evidently to her amusement.

"You recognize my costume?"

"Have I seen it before?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At A."

"I have not been at A. for fourteen years and was never there but once in my life."

"You were there long enough to propose to a girl in her teens; but, judging from your reputation at this time, that was a mere pastime with you."

I was dumfounded.

"But this dress?" I asked.

"It has been made over several times since then."

A light began to break through the clouds.

"You are Alice Warfield?"

"I am. I don't blame you for not recognizing me. There's a great difference between the appearance of a girl of fifteen and one of twenty-nine."

It was all out. There had been a youthful affair of the heart between us, but since she was then a school-girl, I just out of college, nothing came of it.

"Well," I said, "I suppose I was neglectful not to follow up the episode, but I have atoned for my fault by chasing you from Paris without even a knapsack and would have followed you around the globe."

If the little girl, angry with me for having forgotten my youthful love, about a second arrow into me that sent me on my mad chase after her it certainly had a perceptible effect on her. Scarcely any woman can resist a man who without even an extra collar, will start after her, he knows not where, especially when she remembers tenderly a former episode. I captured the flying enemy, and two romances were merged into one that has thus far had no end.

**Color Sensations.**  
Color is very commonly looked upon as a definite quality. This, however, is only partly true. The more correct and scientific concept of color is that it is simply the name of a certain group of sensations by which we are affected. Thus we say "the rose is red." It is more correct to say "the rose produces in us the sensation we call redness." A man who is color blind will declare that it is green, showing that the color is not in the thing, but in the perception of it. So far, therefore, from retaining their color in the dark, objects cannot properly be said to possess it even in the light. "The rose is red" really means that the size and arrangement of its surface molecules are such as to reflect that particular part of the spectrum which we have agreed to call red. In the dark it is simply black or colorless, though it retains its capacity for again exciting in us the sensation of redness on being restored to the light. Just as an empty glass retains its capacity for being refilled.

**Joking Friends in Old Days.**

In a romantic and picturesque old hall in Derbyshire, in England, is one of those curious relics of bygone times which carry the mind back to the habits and customs of our great-grandfathers. A hand-pump looks a strange thing to be fixed to the screen of the banquet hall of a baronial mansion, but one is there. When the banquet had advanced toward its zenith, if any gentleman among the guests refused to drink the full quantity that was deemed the proper thing at that time he was merely carried to the oak screen and placed with his arm upraised and secured and locked in that position by the iron ring. His sleeve, then wide open, offered a tempting receptacle for the wine which he had refused to drink, and the contents of the goblet, with as much more as the roisterers thought fit, were poured down the unlucky victim's arm, and were to him if he did not take the joke in the spirit in which it was given.

**Snake Bites in Siam.**

Great numbers of Siamese die every year of snake bites. On being bitten the victim simply lies down and succumbs. The deaths are most numerous during the rice planting season, when the people are working in the fields, for the season is coincident with the nesting time of the cobra, which will then attack human beings without hesitation if they happen near the nest. The cobra will also bite under water. There are fifty-two varieties of snakes in Siam, the majority of them being venomous. It is also they range from the thirty-foot python to the deadly little earth snake six inches in length. The following is a Siamese prescription for snake bites, on the theory that like cures like, it is to be presumed: Bone of goose, tail of a fish, bones of domestic pig, bones of wild boar, bones of a peacock, the head of a venomous snake. Pound to a powder, mix, dilute with plenty of water and take in quantities.—Good Health.

**Just Cause For Anger.**

"Mrs. Timmore is so angry with her dentist she vows she never will pay his bill," says the neighbor.

"Why in the world?" asks the caller.

"Well, she got him to put in a bridge for her, and she complained to him that it did not feel right, but he said it was all right and would not be noticed when she got used to it, and so she kept it, of course, although it seemed to make it hard for her to talk."

"Kind of made her voice thick, you know. And yesterday she called up Mr. Timmore and asked him to bring home some shoes and shirts for their little boys, and Mr. Timmore kept her repeating it over and over to him the longest time until he thought he knew what she wanted. And what do you suppose he brought home? A bottle of soothing sirup!"—Judge's Library.

**Diseases Cured or Improved by Cold Air.**

Diseases cured or improved by cold air are specified in American Medicine as malaria, tuberculosis, digestive disturbances, yellow fever, tetanus and organic troubles affecting the blood pressure. Cold air contains more oxygen, requires fewer respirations and less heart energy—vital matters when the heart is affected, as is the case in fevers and wasting diseases. American Medicine hints that a study of arterial tension in cold climates would yield the "key to much which is now locked from us," in expounding the benefits of cold air.

**Has Made a Hit With Her.**

"Don't you think my husband looks distinguished since he has begun to wear glasses?"

"Yes, rather."

"Rather? Why, every time I look at him since he put them on I can't help almost thinking of him with respect."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Epithet and Epitaph.**

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between an epithet and an epitaph? Tommy's Pop—One is applied to a man before he is dead and the other afterward.—Philadelphia Record.

**Thoroughness.**

"When I take up an idea," said the poet, "I cover it completely."

"You do more than that," replied the satirist: "you bury it."—Exchange.

**The Real Puzzle.**

The puzzle is not whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the plays, but that one person could get them all accepted.—Buffalo Express.

**Hodge is the grandest of all institutions.**—Schrzeon.



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